The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 63 to 69 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46.....NO. 16,869.

POPULAR IDOLS.

In his commencement address at Union College Mayor McClellan said:

"The public is a hard master. It is always fickle. The hero of to-day may be derided to-morrow. Six months ago the District-Attorney was the idol of the press. To-day some of those who were then warmest in his support are most unjustly clamoring for his downfall because he has failed to do the impossible."

But is the fault with the public or with the idol? Considerably more than six months ago the people of St. Louis put a District-Attorney on a pedestal and he is still there, his hold on popular favor strengthened.

But unlike Mr. Jerome, Mr. Folk was not daunted by the "impossible." When he saw an opportunity to prosecute the guilty he began the prosecution. He was not afraid of failure. He proceeded on Judge Parker's theory that "the way to convict is to convict," and when the suit went against him he had the consciousness of having done his duty. He did not conceive it to be his function to try hypothetical cases in an appellate court before bringing actions in the lower courts.

As Gov. Folk says, the benefits of a crusade against crimes of bribery and violations of trust are not to be measured by the number of men in stripes. Convictions count less in the long run than the awakening of the public conscience to the necessity of stamping out the offenses. It is Mr. Jerome's neglect to do the work he was appointed to do that is responsible for the reversal of public opinion which is called fickleness. It is his failure to carry out the moral purpose the people had in electing him that has alienated their support.

BERNHARDT

Bernhardt departs richer by $150,000 and with memories of experiences unique even in her variegated career. To have played to Texas audiences in tents, defying the Theatrical Trust, and to have rendered the classics of the French drama before 80,000 Californians in the vast outdoor amphitheatre at Berkeley amid an environment of earthquake ruins—these were triumphs unknown at the Comedie Francaise.

To see Bernhardt the American public paid $600,000. But who is to estimate the return it received in artistic cultivation? She brought the art of the Paris stage to half a million homes, and carried the traditions of Racine and Corneille into remote hamlets. From the tour of a great dramatic artist the public derives a benefit not to be appraised in cash.

"L" EXPRESS TRACKS.

Following the Corporation Counsel's opinion that the Interborough has no right to lay a third track on its East Side elevated lines the railroad company is understood to be preparing to test the question in the courts.

It will be to the interest of the city to have a final decision in the matter. No one disputes the obvious fact that express tracks would be of great benefit to the Bronx. But with the tracks once laid plans for East Side subways would necessarily be shelved and the permanent relief which the outlying districts of the city sorely need indefinitely held up. It is improbable that the Interborough would enter the field as a competitor with itself, and its additional elevated facilities would to that extent contribute to shut out independent competition. The consistent opposition of the Rapid Transit Board to a new elevated franchise is justified, because it safeguards the Bronx's only hope of adequate transit relief.

"Well-To-Do" Makes the Difference.

By J. Campbell Cory.

Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did:
Why They Did It:
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 38—ANDREW JACKSON—Genius and Brawler.

A BRITISH officer wanted his boots cleaned. Carolina roads were muddy in 1780. He could not find his servant, so called up a ragged little urchin who had just been captured, rifle in hand, with a remnant of the flying patriot army. The officer ordered the boy to clean the muddy footgear. The boy calmly refused. The next instant a slash of the angry Briton's sword had stretched the helpless little captive unconscious on the ground.

In this way did Andrew Jackson, then but thirteen years old, learn to hate Great Britain and all things British. In later days he repaid the ignominy of that sword-cut a thousand times over.

Jackson lived in a day and a land where individualism had wider scope than now. Yet even for his time he was unique, paradoxical and remarkable.

Uncouth, ignorant, vain, quarrelsome, violent, indiscreet, perverse, this seventh President of ours was yet one of the greatest men America has ever known. A bully and a brawler, he was none the less a genius.

Early Public Career and Rapid Rise.

Left alone in the world at fourteen, he became a saddler's apprentice, and at eighteen took up the study of law. He was uneducated, and to the latest day of his life could not speak nor write grammatical English. He spent most of his law-student days in gambling, skylarking and in athletic sports, and absorbed more fun than law. Indeed, he never had an especially profound knowledge of the latter; though his brilliancy and tenacity enabled him to win many cases in the crude Tennessee settlement where he began practice.

After serving as local Prosecutor, he was sent to Congress in 1796, where he chiefly distinguished himself by bitterly opposing Washington's precepts and by voting against a resolution which approved the first President's administration. In 1797 he was United States Senator, but resigned the following year to become Judge of the Tennessee Supreme Court, a position he held for the next six years.

During this period he met Aaron Burr and became so fascinated by the outcast adventurer's hypnotic powers of attraction that he believed utterly in him and his schemes. So much so, that when Burr was later tried for treason, Jackson championed him, and in the course of the proceedings took occasion to make a bitter attack on President Jefferson.

In 1806 Jackson quarrelled with Charles Dickinson over some trifling matter and fought a duel, in which Dickinson was killed. In this encounter Jackson received a wound from whose effects he never wholly recovered. A few years later he fought with Thomas Benton and received a dangerous wound in the shoulder.

In 1812, at the outbreak of the war, he raised 2,500 men and marched with them to defend the Gulf coast. Believing that no danger threatened from that quarter, the War Department ordered him to disband his troops. Jackson bluntly refused to do so and marched them back to Tennessee with flying colors. Later, with rank of Major-General, he was sent to subdue the Creek Indians. This he did and illegally invaded Florida, putting the British garrison there to rout.

Returning to New Orleans in time to repel Packenham, he declared martial law and exiled from the city a Judge who attempted to resist his authority. As a result he was fined, and also became involved in a wrangle with the War Department and Gen. Scott. Jackson promptly challenged Scott to mortal combat, but the matter was smoothed over by common friends.

The Southern Seminoles broke loose in 1818 and Jackson was sent to quell them. This he did, following them into Florida in so energetic a fashion as almost to bring on war with Spain and England. The timely ceding of Florida to the United States alone averted complications. He was made Military Governor of Florida three years later and at once clashed with the civil authorities. John Quincy Adams extricated him from his dilemma. Again he became Senator in 1823, and the following year was nominated for the Presidency. His opponents were Adams, Crawford and Clay.

Jackson had the largest number of votes in the Electoral College, but there was no actual majority. So the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, who chose Adams.

Martin Van Buren, shrewdest politician of the day, now became Jackson's confidential adviser. He assured the defeated candidate that he had been cheated out of the election, and guided him in a campaign of opposition against the Administration. Members of the opposition called themselves "Democrats," and they centred about Jackson as about a god. They took for watchword Jeffersonian simplicity and Jeffersonian principles. They adored Jackson for his honesty and roughness. In 1828 they elected him President by a large majority.

His was a memorable and stormy administration. Almost as soon as he was inaugurated he instituted the theory, "To the victors belong the spoils," throwing Adams's office-holders out of their Government positions to make room for his own adherents. To the Presidency Jackson brought his old-time quarrelsome, dictatorial ways. A dispute arose over the social status of the famous Peggy Eaton, wife of the Secretary of War. Jackson chivalrously espoused Mrs. Eaton's cause. His whole Cabinet resigned, and he formed a new one.

Originated Theory "To the Victors Belong the Spoils."

The tariff came up for consideration in 1833, and John C. Calhoun, Vice-President, swung South Carolina into an effort to nullify the existing tariff. A convention was called in Charleston for this object. Jackson, scenting secession, proceeded to send a squadron of warships under Farragut to Charleston Harbor. His promptitude in so doing is cited by many as one of the greatest deeds of his Administration. As it was, Calhoun resigned and there were threats of war, until Henry Clay preserved peace by framing a compromise tariff.

Jackson had been told that the United States Bank had opposed his election. So he vetoed the renewal of its charter. For this supposed stand against monopoly he won the enthusiastic plaudits of the people. When he could not get his financial policy carried out, he twice changed his Secretary of the Treasury, until he found a man who would meet his views. This same financial policy and the reckless speculation it helped to induce brought on the panic of 1837, the brunt of which was borne by Jackson's successor, Van Buren.

Jackson retired to his Tennessee home, where in 1845 he died.

Though arrogant, vain and impulsive, he sincerely loved the plain people and was ever their champion. He was an American of the Americans and was the actual promoter and first President of the present Democratic party. Fearlessly, he did what he believed was best for the country. When some law interfered with his action in the people's behalf—why, so much the worse for the law!

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning at 8 o'clock and again without breakfast Loder covered the distance between Grosvenor Square and Clifford's Inn. He left Chilcote's house hastily—with a haste that only an urgent motive could have driven him to adopt. His steps were quick and uneven as he traversed the intervening streets; his shoulders lacked their decisive pose, and his pale face was marked with shadows beneath the eyes—shadows that bore witness to the sleepless night spent in pacing Chilcote's vast and lonely room. By the curious effect of circumstances the likeness between the two men had never been more significantly marked than on that morning of April 19, when Loder walked along the pavements crowded with early workers and brisk with insistent news-venders already alive to the value of last night's political crisis.

The irony of this last element in the day's concerns came to him fully when one newsboy, more energetic than his fellows, thrust a paper in front of him.

"Sensation in the 'Ouse, sir! Speech by Mr. Chilcote! Government defeat!"

For a moment Loder stopped and his face reddened. The tide of emotions still ran strong. His hand went instinctively to his pocket; then his lips set. He shook his head and walked on.

With the same hard expression about his mouth he turned into Clifford's Inn, passed through his own doorway and mounted the stairs.

This time there was no milk-can on the threshold of his rooms and the door yielded to his pressure without the need of a key. With a strange sensation of reluctance he walked into the narrow passage and paused, uncertain which room to enter first. As he stood hesitating a voice from the sitting-room settled the question.

"Who's there?" it called irritably. "What do you want?"

Without further ceremony the intruder pushed the door open and entered the room. As he did so he drew a quick breath—whether of disappointment or relief it was impossible to say. Whether he had hoped for or dreaded it, Chilcote was conscious.

As Loder entered he was sitting by the cheerless grate, the ashes of yesterday's fire showing charred and dreary where the sun touched them. His back was to the light, and about his shoulders was an old plaid rug. Behind him on the table stood a cup, a teapot and the can of milk; further off a kettle was set to boil upon a tiny spirit stove.

In all strong situations we are more or less commonplace. Loder's first remark as he glanced round the disordered room seemed strangely inefficient.

"Where's Robins?" he asked in a brusque voice. His mind teemed with big considerations, yet this was his first involuntary question.

Chilcote had started at the entrance of his visitor; now he sat staring at him, his hands holding the arms of his chair.

"Where's Robins?" Loder asked again.

"I don't know. She— I— We didn't hit it off. She's gone—went yesterday." He shivered and drew the rug about him.

"Chilcote"— Loder began sternly; then he paused. There was something in the other's look and attitude that arrested him. A change of expression passed over his own face; he turned about with an abrupt gesture, pulled off his coat and threw it on a chair; then crossing deliberately to the fireplace he began to rake the ashes from the grate.

Within a few minutes he had a fire crackling where the bed of dead cinders had been, and having finished the task he rose slowly from his knees, wiped his hands and crossed to the table. On the small spirit stove the kettle had boiled and the cover was lifting and falling with a tinkling sound. Blowing out the flame Loder picked up the teapot, and with hands that were evidently accustomed to the task set about making the tea.

During the whole operation he never spoke, though all the while he was fully conscious of Chilcote's puzzled gaze. The tea ready, he poured it into the cup and carried it across the room.

"Drink this!" he said laconically. "The fire will be up presently."

Chilcote extended a cold and shaky hand. "You see"— he began.

Chilcote had started at the entrance of his visitor. Now he sat staring at him.

But Loder checked him almost savagely. "I do—as well as though I had followed you from Piccadilly last night! You have been hanging about God knows where, till the small hours of the morning; then you've come back, slunk back, starving for your damned poison and shivering with cold. You've settled the first part of the business, but the cold has still to be reckoned with. Drink the tea. I've something to say to you." He mastered his vehemence, and walking to the window stood looking down into the court. His eyes were blank, his face hard; his ears heard nothing but the faint sound of Chilcote's swallowing, the click of the cup against his teeth.

For a time that seemed interminable he stood motionless; then when he judged the tea finished he turned slowly. Chilcote had drawn closer to the fire. He was obviously braced by the warmth, and the apathy that hung about him was to some extent dispelled. Still moving slowly Loder went toward him, and relieving him of the empty cup stood looking down at him.

"Chilcote," he said very quietly, "I've come to tell you that the thing must end."

After he spoke there was a prolonged pause; then, as if shaken with sudden consciousness, Chilcote rose. The rug dropped from one shoulder and hung down ludicrously; his hand caught the back of the chair for support; his unshaven face looked absurd and repulsive in its sudden expression of scared inquiry. Loder involuntarily turned away.

"I mean it," he said slowly. "It's over; we've come to the end."

"But why?" Chilcote articulated blankly. "Why? Why?" In his confusion he could think of no better word.

"Because I throw it up. My side of the bargain's off!"

Again Chilcote's lips parted stammeringly. The apathy caused by physical exhaustion and his recently administered drug was passing from him; the hopelessly shattered condition of mind and body was showing through it like a skeleton through a thin covering of flesh.

"But why?" he said again. "Why?"

Still Loder avoided the frightened surprise of his eyes. "Because I withdraw," he answered doggedly.

Then suddenly Chilcote's tongue was loosened. "Loder," he cried excitedly, "you can't do it! God! man, you can't do it!" To reassure himself he laughed—a painfully thin echo of his old, sarcastic laugh. "If it's a matter of greater opportunity"—he began, "of more money"——

But Loder turned upon him.

"Be quiet!" he said so menacingly that the other stopped. Then by an effort he conquered himself. "It's not a matter of money, Chilcote," he said quietly; "it's a matter of necessity." He brought the word out with difficulty.

Chilcote glanced up. "Necessity?" he repeated. "How? Why?"

The reiteration roused Loder. "Because there was a great scene in the House last night," he began hurriedly; "because when you go back you'll find that Sefborough has smashed up over the assassination of Sir William Brice-Field at Meshed, and that you have made your mark in a big speech; and because"— Abruptly he stopped. The thing he had come to say—the thing he had meant to say—would not be said. Either his tongue or his resolution failed him, and for the instant he stood as silent and almost as ill at ease as his companion. Then all at once inspiration came to him in the suggestion of a well-nigh forgotten argument by which he might influence Chilcote and save his own self-respect. "It's all over, Chilcote," he said more quietly; "it has run itself out." And in a dozen sentences he sketched the story of Lillian Astrupp—her past relations with himself, her present suspicions. It was not what he had meant to say; it was not what he had come to say; but it served the purpose—it saved him humiliation.

Chilcote listened to the last word; then as the other finished he dropped nervously back into his chair. "Good heavens! man," he said, "why didn't you tell me—why didn't you warn me, instead of filling my mind with your political position? Your political position!" He laughed unsteadily. The long spells of indulgence that had weakened his already maimed faculties showed in the laugh, in the sudden breaking of his voice. "You must do something, Loder!" he added nervously, checking his amusement; "you must do something."

Loder looked down at him. "No," he said decisively. "It's your turn now. It's you who've got to do something."

Chilcote's face turned a shade grayer. "I can't," he said below his breath.

(To Be Continued.)